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Mariner" would not be cited as a moral lesson inculcating kindness to dumb animals.

Of considerable value to teachers and parents will be the carefully selected lists which the book contains of stories designed to illustrate the several kinds of virtues. These tales are of excellent quality and not above average juvenile tastes.

LAST POEMS. By JULIA C. R. DORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913.

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in February, 1825, and died at Rutland, Vermont, in January of the present year. She was one of those American women who preserve a serene faith and a fine responsiveness to whatever goodness and beauty there may be in the world into the twilight of a serene old age. The interest of her fiction and other prose writings has faded somewhat in the passage of time: in her poetry there is a spirit of more permanence.

The influence of the really great poets is all about us: it is in our daily speech, in the books we read, in the thoughts we think. And their great works are landmarks none may ignore. We are impressed by "Paradise Lost" as we are by the pyramids—and our feeling in each case may be sincere, though we have neither poetical nor archæological tastes. But the number of those who care for good verse as most people care for comely architecture, pleasant pictures, or tuneful music is small. By these, however, the poems of Julia C. R. Dorr, will not be found wanting in quiet charm. These poems are not powerfully imaginative, nor do they reveal much verbal inspiration—the memorable phrase is lacking, and something of a tendency toward conventional imagery is shown—but the verses have always an adequate richness of expression, and they are genuinely lyrical. Verses like that which begins "O, strong young runner in the race of life" possess language-music and somewhat the ring of passionate utterance.

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY. By WILLIAM ROSE BENET. New York: The Century Company, 1913.

There is a feeling, known to some of us, that poetry, among artistic media, should be reserved for those conceptions which no other medium can well be used to express—for the great and elemental utterances or for the beauty that borders on the sublime. The validity of such a feeling, however, may be questioned; and certainly there seems to be no adequate reason why people of good taste, in general appreciative of the fine arts, should fail to find a sufficient reward of enjoyment in the perusal of such verse as Mr. Benét has given us in "Merchants from Cathay." The dexterous meter, making a fine mosaic of rhythm, image, and tripping phrase, and the vigorous, wholesome temper of it all, call for something more than perfunctory commendation. The author shows a quaint originality of fancy and a definiteness of feeling and point of view that win respect and give pleasure. Occasionally tapestry-like in mere decorativeness of effect, and in sentiment often short of the thrilling, the verses are in no case shamefully weak and now and then yield the surprise of discovered beauty.